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# HYMNS *from the* LITURGY

TRANSLATED BY

The REV. JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

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THE most important Hymns of the Liturgy are here presented to the reader in a new and faithful rendering. They are those which are sung on the chief feasts of the ecclesiastical year, and are, for the most part, poetry as well as piety. To these fifty-five songs of praise have been added versions of five Latin hymns, not to be found in Mass or Office: the "Stabat Mater" of the Crib, the "Adeste Fideles" in its complete form, the "Adoro Te," Prince Alexander Hohenlohe's beautiful hymn of thanksgiving after Communion, and St Francis Xavier's well-known profession of his love of God.



HYMNS FROM THE  
LITURGY





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TRANSLATED BY

REV. JOHN FITZPATRICK

*Oblate of Mary Immaculate*

*Author of "The Song of Lourdes," "Virgo Praedicanda," etc.*

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FOR  
J. F. L.



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The items marked with an asterisk are non-liturgical.

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## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

THE most important Hymns of the Liturgy are here presented to the reader in a new and faithful rendering. They are those which are sung on the chief feasts of the ecclesiastical year, and are, for the most part, poetry as well as piety. To these fifty-five songs of praise have been added versions of five Latin hymns, not to be found in Mass or Office: the "Stabat Mater" of the Crib, the "Adeste, Fideles" in its complete form, the "Adoro Te," Prince Alexander Hohenlohe's beautiful hymn of thanksgiving after Communion, and St Francis Xavier's well-known profession of his love of God.

When a hymn is divided for different hours of the Breviary—as are, for instance, the "Stabat Mater" and the "Pange, Lingua" of the Passiontide—they are printed here without break, as, indeed, these two hymns are found at that season in the Missal. On the other hand, the hymns on the Holy Name of Jesus are printed as what they really are, three distinct centos from St Bernard's longer hymn. In each case, the initial words of the original are given, and the authorship or date, when known, is indicated, as well as the occasion on which the hymn first occurs in the Liturgy.





# EN CLARA VOX REDARGUIT

*Fifth Century*

AT LAUDS DURING ADVENT

HARK ! a voice, in urgent warning,  
Clearly rings the twilight through :  
Cast away your dreams ; 'tis morning ;  
Christ is shining down on you.

Let the soul, in torpor's prison,  
To the earth no longer cleave ;  
Now a new Sun has arisen,  
Who will all our ills relieve.

Toward us, lo ! the Lamb advances,  
Freely all our debt to pay :  
One in words that grief enhances,  
Let us all for pardon pray.

So that when He comes, refulgent,  
Girdling all the world with fear,  
He to us may prove indulgent  
When our guilt is all made clear.

Glory, power, and praise unending  
To the Father and the Son,  
And the Paraclete, ascending  
While the ageless ages run.

# SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE

*St Ambrose : 340-397*

AT LAUDS ON MONDAY

**O** SPLENDOR of the Father's light,  
Light-Bearer with His glory bright,  
O Light of light, light's very Spring,  
O Day, our day illumining.

True Sun, bend down on us one glance  
Of Thy perpetual radiance,  
And from the Holy Ghost outpour  
One beam upon our souls once more.

Let prayer seek, too, the Father's face,  
The Father of all-powerful grace,  
Whose glory is for ever and ay,  
To keep all risk of sin away.

May He support our strenuous life,  
Rebuke the mouth with envy rife,  
Make adverse fortune yield redress,  
And guide our deeds to righteousness.

May He direct and rule our mind,  
And chastity within us find ;  
May faith, grown eager, burn and glow,  
Nor aught of poisoning falsehood know.

Be Christ Himself our Living Food ;  
Our faith, a draught of certitude :  
Yea, let us drink in sober glee  
The Spirit's prodigality.

## SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE

In gladness let this day pass by :  
Our modesty as dawn be shy ;  
Our faith like noon, without one thought  
With any hint of twilight fraught.

Now, as the dawn leads up the light,  
May God break on our inner sight—  
The Word with God the Father one,  
The Father with His only Son.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And God the Son, eternally ;  
All glory also, as is meet,  
Be unto God the Paraclete.

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# ALES DIEI NUNTIUS

*Prudentius : 348-413*

## AT LAUDS ON TUESDAY

THE wingèd harbinger of day  
Proclaims that light is on its way ;  
And Christ, announcing life is near,  
Our souls awakes, with chanticleer.

Take up your bed, He seems to cry,  
Nor now in slothful slumber lie ;  
Now upright, chaste, and sober be,  
And watch, for I draw nigh to thee.

On Jesus let our voices call,  
Sad, tranquil, prayerful, one and all,  
For earnest prayer bids o'er and o'er  
The pure of heart to sleep no more.

Dispel, O Christ, our sleep again,  
And rend the bonds of night in twain ;  
Our bygone days absolve from sin,  
And usher thy new daylight in.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And God the Son, eternally ;  
All glory also, as is meet,  
Be unto God the Paraclete.

# NOX, ET TENEBRAE, ET NUBILA

*Prudentius*

AT LAUDS ON WEDNESDAY

NIGHT, darkness, and ye clouds that swirled,  
Making a wild, disordered world,  
Light enters in, now dawns the day,  
The Christ is coming ; flee away.

Earth's darkness lets the day flow in,  
Cleft by the sun's gold javelin ;  
Things in their colours now appear,  
Lit by the morn's resplendent sphere.

To Thee, O Christ, whom sole we know,  
With pure and simple minds we go ;  
With tears, with song, we Thee implore  
To hearken to our hearts once more.

Things many, with false colours dyed,  
Shall in Thy light be purified :  
True Light by Saint and Angel seen,  
Shine on us, then, with face serene.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And God the Son, eternally ;  
All glory also, as is meet,  
Be unto God the Paraclete.

# AURORA JAM SPARGIT POLUM

*Fourth or Fifth Century*

AT LAUDS ON SATURDAY

NOW dawn is spreading o'er the sky,  
And day falls earthward from on high,  
And arrowy rays of light rebound :  
Now sin be here no longer found.

Away, ye phantoms of the night ;  
Seek, guilty conscience, seek the light ;  
Whatever horror to our sins  
Night added, flee : the day begins.

To Thee, O Lord, we humbly pray :  
May our last dawn, with light's first ray,  
To us from Heaven an effluence bring  
Concordant with the song we sing.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And God the Son, eternally ;  
All glory also, as is meet,  
Be unto God the Paraclete.



# PRAECLARA CUSTOS VIRGINUM

*Seventeenth Century*

AT MATINS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

**G**UARDIAN of virgins, bright and fair,  
Who virginally God didst bear,  
Thou art our hope, nay, Heaven's own door,  
And joy in Heaven for evermore.

The lily among thorns apart,  
The dove most beautiful, thou art,  
The budding stem, whose Mystic Flower  
To heal our sinful wounds has power.

Tower, 'gainst the dragon barred for ay,  
Star, friendly to the castaway,  
Ah ! light us o'er the wayward wave,  
And from its darkling treachery save.

The mists of error scatter wide ;  
Help us to leave the shoals aside ;  
'Mid many waters, open thou  
Its pathway to our wandering prow.

Jesus, the Virgin's only Son,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
Be praise and glory given to Thee  
In time and in eternity.

# AVE, MARIS STELLA

*Ninth Century*

AT VESPERS ON OUR LADY'S FEASTS

HAIL ! thou star above the sea,  
Maid, and never other,  
Gate to Heaven's felicity,  
God's own gracious Mother.

Take that "Ave" of the praise  
Gabriel rehearses ;  
Build upon its peace our days :  
"Eva" it reverses.

Loose the bonds that sinners bind,  
Blinded eyes restoring ;  
Cure our ills of every kind,  
All our good imploring.

Prove thyself a mother thus :  
Pray, at our petition,  
Till He hears who, born for us,  
Showed thee all submission.

Virgin among virgins meek,  
Singularly holy,  
Make us, freed from sinning, seek  
Chaste to be and lowly.

## AVE, MARIS STELLA

Yea, our lives make pure, we pray,  
Safe our way before us,  
Till we share thy bliss for ay,  
Jesus reigning o'er us.

Glory to the Father be,  
And the Christ supernal,  
And the Spirit : to the Three  
Equal praise eternal.

# QUEM TERRA, PONTUS, SIDERA

*Ascribed to Venantius Fortunatus : 530-609*

AT MATINS AND LAUDS ON OUR LADY'S FEASTS

THE Lord, whom earth, and sea, and sky  
Honour, adore, and magnify,  
Who o'er this triune system reigns,  
To dwell in Mary's cloister deigns.

Whom sun, and moon, and all things serve,  
Nor ever from this duty swerve,  
He makes that womb, which heavenly grace  
Imbues, his virgin lodging-place.

A Mother in her office blest !  
Within the casket of whose breast  
Lies the Creator, who has spanned  
The whole world with His little hand.

Blessèd by God's own message made,  
And fruitful 'neath His Spirit's shade  
She was, of whom conceived came He,  
Whom all the nations longed to see.\*

Glory of virgins, star sublime  
Set over all their starry clime !  
Thou sucklest at thy breast a son,  
Thy Maker, now thy little one.

\* At Matins follows the Doxology.

## QUEM TERRA, PONTUS, SIDERA

What once we lost through hapless Eve  
Thou dost through thy fair fruit retrieve :  
That they who mourn may mourn no more,  
Thou openest Heaven's refulgent door.

Thou art the great King's portal bright  
And threshold of the Light of light :  
Ye ransomed nations, o'er the earth  
Extol the life she brought to birth.

Jesus, the Virgin's only Son,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
Be praise and glory given to Thee  
In time and in eternity.

# JESU, CORONA VIRGINUM

*Ascribed to St Ambrose*

AT VESPERS AND LAUDS OF VIRGINS

**O** CROWN of virgins, Jesus dear,  
In mercy our petitions hear,  
Who hadst to give Thee human birth,  
The only Mother-Maid of earth.

Among the lilies to and fro,  
'Mid choirs of virgins, Thou dost go,  
Who art Thy spouses' one reward,  
All-fair in spousal glory, Lord.

Wherever they Thy footprints see,  
There, troops of virgins follow Thee,  
Singing Thy praise, till, all around,  
Thy ways with their sweet hymns resound.

Then, Thee we suppliantly pray,  
That from our senses far away  
Thou wouldst corruptions all remove,  
That wound the soul and sorely prove.

Be honour, glory, power, and praise  
To God, and God's own Son, always,  
And always, as is also meet,  
To God the Holy Paraclete.

# VIRGINIS PROLES

*Eighth Century*

AT MATINS OF VIRGIN MARTYRS

SON of a Virgin, and her own Creator,  
Borne by a Virgin, virginally born too,  
Sing we the triumph which a death decorous  
Won for a virgin.

She, by good fortune, bore a dual palm-branch,  
For, while she conquered sex in her frail body,  
She, in that body, overcame the tyrant  
Red with her slaughter.

Wherefore, not fearing death or deathly dangers,  
No ! nor the countless kinds of torture practised,  
Shedding her blood, she mounted up to Heaven,  
Happy serenely.

God of all mercy ! at her prayer, forgive us  
All that we owe for all our grave transgressions ;  
So with a pure heart shall we come before Thee,  
Singing thy praises.

Be to the Father, to His Sole-Begotten,  
And, Holy Spirit, unto Thee, co-equal  
God, One and Triune, honour, praise, and glory  
Now and for ever.



## FORTEM VIRILI PECTORE

*Cardinal Silvio Antoniano: 1540-1603*

### AT VESPERS OF HOLY WOMEN

**T**HIS valiant woman let us praise,  
This woman with a manly will,  
Who everywhere, with glorious rays  
Of sanctity, is shining still.

She, wounded with a holy love,  
The worldling's baneful love abhorred,  
And, caring but for things above,  
Pursued her hard way Heavenward.

With fasts her body she subdued,  
The while her soul, in love with prayer,  
She fed with its delightful food:  
Now she the joys of Heaven doth share.

Strength of the strong, O Christ, our King,  
Who solely all great things dost do,  
To her petition hearkening,  
Hear us who for Thy mercy sue.

To God the Father, as is meet,  
Be glory, to His only Son,  
And to the Holy Paraclete,  
Now, and while ageless ages run.

# JESU, REDEMPTOR OMNIUM

*Sixth Century*

AT VESPERS OF CHRISTMAS DAY

JESUS, the world's Redeemer, Thee  
The Father, ere the birth of light,  
Begot to Him eternally,  
In glory equal and in might.

The Father's light and splendour, Thou,  
Our hope that faileth not for ay,  
Accept the world-wide prayers that now  
To Thee Thy lowly servants pray.

Man's Maker, ever have in mind  
That once Thou didst man's form assume,  
And come among our mortal kind,  
Born of the sacred Virgin's womb.

This day to that divine event  
Doth year by year its witness bear :  
Thou madest, by Thy Father sent,  
The world's redemption Thy own care.

The stars, the earth, and all the seas,  
Thou Source of our salvation new !  
And all things under heaven, with these,  
Thy praise, in their new song, pursue.

## JESU, REDEEMPTOR OMNIUM

And we, whom in its blessed tide  
Thy Sacred Blood has cleansed from sin,  
Pay tuneful tribute on our side,  
To usher this thy birthday in.

Jesus, the Virgin's only Son,  
Be praise and glory given to Thee,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
In time and in eternity.

# A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE

*Sedulius : Fifth Century*

AT LAUDS OF CHRISTMAS DAY

FROM dawn to sunset let us sing,  
Where'er day's orb his course doth run,  
The birth of Christ, our Lord and King,  
The Virgin Mary's little Son.

The world's Creator, ever blest,  
A servile body designs to don,  
His flesh our flesh delivering, lest  
He lose what first He wrought upon.

Now, grace celestial entering there,  
This Mother's womb, as chaste as snow,  
Doth virginally mysteries bear,  
Which she had never learned to know.

Her modest bosom's pure abode  
Is suddenly God's temple made ;  
She, who to man has nothing owed,  
Conceives within that virgin shade.

She brings the Babe Divine to birth,  
Announced to her by Gabriel's voice,  
Whose unborn presence upon earth  
Has made the unborn John rejoice.

He wills among the hay to lie,  
Disdaining not a manger-bed ;  
Who feeds the birds to Him that cry,  
He with a little milk is fed.

## A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE

The heavenly choirs their joy outpour,  
To God the songs of Angels wing :  
The shepherds know, from Heaven's own lore,  
The Shepherd who made everything.

Jesus, the Virgin's only Son,  
Be praise and glory given to Thee,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
In time and in eternity.

## \*STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

*Jacopone da Todi (died 1306)*

FULL of joy His beauteous Mother  
Stood beside our new-born Brother,  
Who was cradled in the hay ;  
And her spirit's exultation  
Thrilled her frame with sweet elation,  
To behold Him where He lay.

Oh ! what deep, ecstatic feeling,  
O'er the stainless Mother stealing,  
Marked the Sole-Begotten's birth :  
How her soul's own silent laughter  
Filled her gaze the moment after  
She first saw His face on earth.

Whose the eyes that would not measure,  
Wonder-wide, that Mother's pleasure,  
Like to which no bliss hath been :  
His in sooth were utmost rapture  
Who one glimpse of her could capture,  
At her mother-play serene.

Christ she saw, in wintry weather,  
Housed with ox and ass together,  
For His sinful human race :  
Saw His creatures bend before Him—  
Wailful Sweetening !—to adore Him,  
In His lowly lodging-place.

## STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

Compassing the crib completely,  
Angels many sang full sweetly  
    Their immeasurable joy;  
Where an old man with the Maiden  
Silent stood, their hearts o'erladen  
    Wondering o'er her wondrous Boy.

Fount of love, my Mother Mary !  
Yield me love, nor let me vary  
    In this love that flows from thee :  
Let me love my God and Saviour  
So, that with my heart's behaviour  
    Even His well-pleased may be.

Mother mine ! this favour do me :  
Let His pain, gone through and through me,  
    Rest implanted in my heart :  
Of the pangs that in the manger  
Lay for earth's celestial Stranger  
    Let me bear, like thee, my part.

Make me joy with thee more truly,  
To thy little Jesus duly  
    Clinging till my life be past ;  
Yield me of thy Babe fruition,  
And my exile's one ambition  
    Be, like thine, to hold Him fast :  
Spread throughout the world such longing,  
And, when souls to Him come thronging,  
    Let mine be at least the last.



## STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

Virgin of all virgins, take me  
Into grace again, and make me  
Catch thy Baby to my breast :  
Let me bear thy beauteous Burden,  
Born that, life's immortal guerdon,  
Dying, He from death should wrest.

Let my heart, like thine, be sated  
With Him, nay, inebriated,  
Dancing in its mystic bliss :  
Overcome are all my senses  
With a wonder that immense is,  
At communion such as this.

Keep me, under thy protection,  
For thy Son, from all defection  
Warded by His word, His grace :  
When my dust to dust returneth,  
That for which my spirit yearneth  
Grant me, too—to see His face.

## \*ADESTE, FIDELES

COME hither, ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
Come hither, come hither, run Bethlehemward ;  
See who is born here ;  
'Tis the King of Angels :  
Come, let us all adore Him,  
Come, let us all adore Him,  
Come, let us all adore Him, Christ our Lord.

Godhead of Godhead,  
Light of Light Eternal,  
Birth doth a Maiden Him accord ;  
True God, made not,  
But indeed begotten :  
Come, let us all adore Him, etc.

The shepherds now hasten  
To the lowly stable,  
Allowed to abandon their watch and ward :  
Let us, rejoicing,  
Hurry on as they do :  
Come, let us all adore Him, etc.

Then the star-led Magi,  
Christ in turn adoring,  
Gold, myrrh, and incense to Him award ;  
Giving our hearts thus  
To the new-born Jesus,  
Come, let us all adore Him, etc.

## ADESTE, FIDELES

The Light co-eternal,  
Son of God the Father,  
Veiled in our flesh will our eyes reward :  
God, as an infant  
Swathed in bands and swaddled,  
Come, let us all adore Him, etc.

For Him, who for our sakes  
Was poor in the manger,  
Let our love's embraces some warmth afford :  
Who would not love Him  
Who so much hath loved us ?  
Come, let us all adore Him, etc.

Sing Alleluias,  
All ye choirs of Angels ;  
Sound now, ye Blessèd, your sweetest chord :  
Glory, be glory  
Unto God in Heaven.  
Come, let us all adore Him, etc.

Then, to Thee, Jesus,  
Glory be for ever,  
Born when the midnight turned morningward :  
Word of the Father,  
Now for us incarnate,  
Come, let us all adore Him,  
Come, let us all adore Him,  
Come, let us all adore Him, Christ our Lord.

# AUDIT TYRANNUS ANXIUS

*Prudentius*

AT MATINS OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS

THE anxious tyrant hears with dread  
That now the King of Kings is nigh,  
Who Israel shall rule, 'tis said,  
And David's palace occupy.

Demented at the news, he cries :  
" He will succeed us, banished ; so,  
Go, guards, and let the sword arise,  
With blood let all the cradles flow."

What profits an ill deed so great,  
Herod, what wins thy crime for thee ?  
Christ only, from the general fate,  
Is borne unscathed to liberty.

Jesus, the Virgin's only Son,  
Be praise and glory given to Thee,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
In time and in eternity.

# SALVETE, FLORES MARTYRUM

*Prudentius*

AT LAUDS OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS

**H**AIL ! Flowerets of the Martyrs, hail !  
Whom, on the threshold of your day,  
As 'twere red rose-buds by the gale,  
Christ's persecutor plucked away.

First victims for the Christ cut down ;  
Far, far too young a flock to die :  
You simple things, with palm and crown  
You play the very altar by.

Jesus, the Virgin's only Son,  
Be praise and glory given to Thee,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
In time and in eternity.

# JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA

*St Bernard : 1091-1153*

AT VESPERS OF THE HOLY NAME

JESUS !—The very thought is sweet ;  
Hearts at His name with rapture beat ;  
His presence, though, is sweeter far  
Than honey and all sweet things are.

Naught sweeter can be sung ; nor aught  
Be heard with so much pleasure fraught ;  
Nothing the mind can think can vie  
With Him, the Son of God Most High.

Jesus, our hope when we repent,  
And, when we pray, beneficent ;  
To them who seek Thee, oh ! how kind  
Thou art ; but what to them who find !

All this no tongue can ever say ;  
No quill can ever write ; but they,  
And only they, who love Him, know  
What joys from love of Jesus flow.

Jesus, be all our gladness now,  
Who wilt be our reward ; and Thou  
Our only glory also be,  
Through time and in eternity.

# JESU, REX ADMIRABILIS

AT MATINS OF THE HOLY NAME

O JESUS, admirable King,  
Thou Victor, nobly conquering !  
Sweetness ineffable ! the heart  
Knows how desirable Thou art.

When Thou to visit them dost deign,  
Truth shines within our hearts again,  
All wordly vanities grow vile,  
And charity grows great the while.

O Jesus, every heart's delight !  
Thou living fountain making bright  
Our darkling minds, Thou dost exceed  
All joy, and all desire indeed.

Acknowledge Jesus ; one and all  
For love of Him on Jesus call :  
Seek Him with ardour ; never tire,  
But seek Him still with heart on fire.

Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless ;  
May all our lives Thy life express ;  
May all our hearts love only Thee  
Henceforth, and love eternally.

# JESU, DECUS ANGELICUM

## AT LAUDS OF THE HOLY NAME

JESUS, the beauty Angels know,  
To ears Thou art sweet music low;  
To lips Thou wondrous honey art,  
And heavenly nectar to the heart.

Who taste of Thee must hunger still ;  
Who drink Thee thirst, and thirst they will :  
They Jesus only, whom they love,  
Desire and seek all else above.

Thou, Jesus, art most sweet to me,  
Thou hope of all my soul would be :  
With filial tears I seek Thine eyes ;  
Toward Thee mine inmost spirit cries.

Abide with us, O Lord ! Do Thou  
Like morning rise upon us now ;  
Drive from our minds all dark that is,  
And fill the world with sweetnesses.

Jesus, our Love, our source of bliss,  
Praise, honour to Thy name for this ;  
And, Flower the Virgin-Mother bore !  
Thy reign be bliss for evermore.



# CRUDELIS HERODES, DEUM

*Sedulius*

## AT VESPERS OF THE EPIPHANY

**W**HY cruel Herod, dost thou fear  
When told that God, the King, is near?  
He comes no mortal crown to seize,  
Who crowns in Heaven our loyalties.

The Wise Men, guided by the star,  
Pursued their way from lands afar :  
Lit by that light, the Light they seek ;  
Their gifts the present God bespeak.

The Lamb of God to Jordan gave  
New virtue, when He felt its wave :  
Sins, none of His, He bore the day  
He washed man's grievous guilt away.

Lo ! a new kind of power divine :  
The water blushes into wine ;  
The pitchers, when they wine outpour,  
Prove their old fountain theirs no more.

To Thee, O Jesus, glory be,  
Who let the Gentile look on Thee ;  
The Father and the Spirit, too,  
Be glorified all ages through.

# O SOLA MAGNARUM URBIUM

*Prudentius*

## AT LAUDS OF THE EPIPHANY

O H ! greater than great cities are,  
Thou, Bethlehem, art, in whom befell  
His birth, who came from Heaven afar  
To guide and save His Israël.

A star, outshining in its light  
And beauty the revolving sun,  
Proclaims to earth the God of might,  
Who now His mortal course will run.

The Magi, who His face behold,  
For Him their Eastern gifts have spread ;  
In incense, myrrh, and royal gold  
They, prostrate, all their vows have said.

The gold their King acknowledges ;  
The incense, Saba's odorous breath,  
Their God ; the myrrh a symbol is,  
Prophetic in its dust, of death.

Jesus, who let the Gentile see  
Thy first appearance, infant-sweet,  
Be glorified eternally,  
With Father and with Paraclete.

# O LUX BEATA COELITUM

*Pope Leo XIII: 1810-1903*

AT VESPERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

O LIGHT that blesseth Saints above,  
O brightest hope of mortals here,  
Jesus, on whom domestic love  
Smiled, making childhood's home so dear.

O Mary, with rich graces blest,  
Who gav'st, as only thou couldst do,  
To Jesus' lips a virgin breast,  
And with thy milk thy kisses too.

And thou, from Israël's fathers ta'en,  
The Virgin's guardian called to be,  
Her Child Divine, not all in vain,  
The sweet name, father, gave to thee.

You, come of Jesse's noble stem,  
Salvation brought to every land,  
Then hearken to the prayers of them  
Who here before your altar stand.

Now, while the sun toward evening dips,  
And beauty takes from things away,  
Here lingering, rises to our lips  
All that our inmost hearts would say.

## O LUX BEATA COELITUM

Where'er your home, your virtues bore,  
With every grace, its fairest flowers ;  
So may we flourish evermore  
In this domestic life of ours.

Jesus, who an obedient Son  
Unto Thy parents willed to be,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
Be glory evermore to Thee.

# SACRA JAM SPLENDENT DECORATA LYCHNIS

*Pope Leo XIII*

AT MATINS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

NOW lamps our churches flood with light,  
Now altars gleam with garlands bright,  
Now censers, in sweet odours, raise  
Their pious praise.

'Twere sweet to sing, and well 'twere done,  
The royal births of God's own Son,  
Or David's ancient line, and see  
God's ancestry.

But sweeter Nazareth's lowly cot  
To praise, and Jesus' humble lot ;  
Or tell in words with sweetness rife  
His silent life.

Quick, Angel-led, from Nile's far shore  
The wanderer is home once more :  
The Boy, who evil days has passed,  
Is safe at last.

To youth grows Jesus, day by day  
Passing His hidden life away,  
And wills to learn, with Joseph's aid,  
His lowly trade.

## SACRA JAM SPLENDENT

“Toil,” said He, “well may make Me sweat,  
Who one day will with Blood be wet :  
Let this pain, too, cleanse, for it can,  
                                Poor, sinful man.”

The Mother sits her Son beside,  
Near Joseph stays his Virgin-Bride,  
Their happy handmaid, making less  
                                Their weariness.

You Three, who toil and suffering knew,  
The wretched aid who turn to you,  
But help them most who most endure,  
                                The struggling poor.

Strip men of pride whose wealth is spent  
On pleasure ; and make us content :  
Toward all who pray for strength incline,  
                                With eyes benign.

Praise to Thee, Jesus, who dost give  
The laws whereby true life we live—  
With Father throned and Holy Ghost,  
                                'Mid Heaven's host.

# O GENTE FELIX HOSPITA

*Pope Leo XIII*

AT LAUDS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

O HAPPY and august abode  
That once made Nazareth so blest,  
The infant Church its nurture owed  
To thy most hospitable breast.

The sun that, with its golden light,  
Wide o'er the earth so loves to roam,  
Has never seen so sweet a sight  
As this delightful, holy home.

Here, from the palace of the sky,  
Flock messengers on frequent wing ;  
They come, and come again, thereby  
The shrine of virtue honouring.

With ready hand, and right goodwill,  
Doth Jesus Joseph's wishes do :  
How Mary doth, with rapturous thrill,  
A mother's household tasks pursue !

Joseph is near his spouse ; and he  
In all her love and care partakes :  
The Source of virtue graciously  
'Twixt them a thousand love-ties makes.

They, mutually loving, turn  
Their loves to Jesus, both in one ;  
And, making both their bosoms burn,  
His love rewards their unison.

## O GENTE FELIX HOSPITA

May charity, that ne'er will cease,  
Between us, too, firm bonds create,  
And, fostering thus domestic peace,  
Life, life so hard, alleviate.

Jesus, who an obedient Son  
Unto Thy parents willed to be,  
With Father and with Spirit one,  
Be glory evermore to Thee.



# AETERNE RERUM CONDITOR

*St Ambrose*

## AT LAUDS ON CERTAIN SUNDAYS

O THOU who didst all things create,  
Whose bidding night and day await,  
Our changing seasons come from Thee,  
Relieving time's monotony.

Now, calling forth the sun's first ray,  
Is heard the herald of the day,  
That marked the watches of the night,  
And was the traveller's lantern-light.

Waked by that sound, the morning-star  
Drives darkness from the skies afar ;  
That voice the vagrant bands waylays,  
And turns them all from mischief's ways.

The sailor now new courage finds,  
For calmer grow wild waves and winds ;  
Even himself the Church's Rock  
Laves from his fault when crows the cock.

Then, strong and strenuous, let us rise :  
The cock rebukes unwilling eyes ;  
He rouses all who lie abed,  
And shrilly chides the sleepy-head.

At cock-crow hope returns once more ;  
New waves of health the sick restore ;  
Sheathed is the robber's bickering blade ;  
The fallen strong in trust are made.

## AETERNE RERUM CONDITOR

Look on us, Jesus, wavering still,  
And with one look redress our will :  
One glance, and all our stains are spent,  
And tears will pay for punishment.

True Light, our hearts and souls possess,  
And cure us of our slothfulness :  
Let our first word be Thine, that is  
A vow to keep our promises.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And God the Son, eternally ;  
All glory also, as is meet,  
Be unto God the Paraclete.

# O SOL SALUTIS, INTIMIS

*Sixth Century*

AT LAUDS IN LENT

SUN of salvation, Jesus, -light  
Our inmost minds with Thy blest ray,  
Still shedding, in the rout of night,  
Wide o'er the world a better day.

Acceptable Thy times return ;  
Then grant us floods of tears, that we  
May lave devoted hearts, to burn  
In fires of blithesome charity.

From where sin first its course did take,  
Perennially tears shall flow,  
If but the rod of penance break  
The hardness only hearts can know.

The day comes, Thy day, when the land .  
Bursts, far and wide, to bloom once more :  
Let us joy also, whom Thy hand  
Doth to the way, Thy way, restore.

Let nature all, in lowliest mood,  
Adore Thee, clement Three in One :  
And let us, by Thy grace renewed,  
Our new song sing in unison.

# TE, JOSEPH, CELEBRENT

*Seventeenth Century*

AT VESPERS OF ST JOSEPH

**J**OSEPH, to tell thy praise, let all the Angels sing ;  
Let quiring Christendom their songs of thee repeat ;  
The glorious Virgin's spouse who merited to be  
In virgin wedlock sweet.

When, as her gracious Fruit was growing day by day,  
Thy soul in sore amaze now this, now that believed,  
An Angel, whispering, said that by the Holy Ghost  
Her Babe had been conceived.

Thy arms thy new-born Lord most lovingly enfold ;  
Thou fleest as He flees to Egypt's alien shore ;  
Thou in Jerusalem, when He is lost, dost find,  
And grief turns joy once more.

We, only after death, the heavenly palm obtain ;  
But thou in life wert made the peer of Saints above :  
Thy happier lot it was thy God on earth to see  
And love with wondering love.

Be clement to our prayer, O Trinity supreme !  
Grant us, for Joseph's sake, the starry heights to scale ;  
That of Thy name at last, in songs of gratitude,  
Our praise may never fail.

# COELITUM JOSEPH

*Seventeenth Century*

AT MATINS OF ST JOSEPH

**J**OSEPH, the glory of the Saints in Heaven,  
Life's certain hope, and of the world a pillar,  
Graciously hear the songs of praise thy clients  
Joyfully sing thee.

Spouse of the spotless Virgin the Creator  
Made thee, and willed that of His Word the father  
Thou shouldst be called, appointing thee to serve Him  
Toward our salvation.

Yea, the Redeemer lying in a stable,  
Who was to come, as sang the songs of Prophets,  
Gladly thou seest, Godhead in that Infant  
Humbly adoring.

God, King of Kings, and Lord of all creation,  
He, at whose nod the hordes infernal tremble,  
He, whom the prostrate Heavens are ever serving,  
Subject to thee was.

Praise never-ending to the Triune Godhead,  
Who, in such wise, hath honoured thee supremely:  
May He vouchsafe to grant us, through thy merits,  
Bliss with the Blessed.

# ISTE, QUEM LAETI

*Seventeenth Century*

AT LAUDS OF ST JOSEPH

JOSEPH, whom gladly we, the faithful, honour,  
Hymning the praise of so sublime a triumph,  
This very day once merited to enter  
Bliss everlasting.

Happy, thrice happy, blessèd, oh ! thrice blessèd  
He who, when mortal life was near its ending,  
Jesus and Mary had, to watch beside him,  
Smiling serenely.

Hell overcoming thus, from flesh unfettered,  
Calm and in slumber, to his home eternal  
Lo ! he has passed, about his brows entwining  
Glorious garlands.

Then, let us beg him, from his throne in Heaven  
Hither to come and, for our faults and failings  
Pardon obtaining, grant us peace supernal,  
Gifted so greatly.

Glory and praise be Thine, O Thou, the Triune,  
O'er us who reignest as our God, and crownest  
Servants found faithful with Thy crowns all golden,  
Splendid for ever.

# VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT

*Venantius Fortunatus*

AT VESPERS ON PASSION SUNDAY

THE King's own standard is unfurled :  
The Cross in mystic splendour glows,  
Whereon Life died, and for the world  
Won life through death's immortal throes.

There, wounded by the woeful spear,  
Life has both blood and water shed,  
To wash our souls from soilure clear,  
And make them white as snow instead.

Now is fulfilled, ere eventide,  
What David's faithful psalm made known,  
When to all lands he prophesied :  
Lo ! God has made a tree His throne.

O beautiful, resplendent Tree !  
That dost the King's own purple wear ;  
Thy stock was chosen, worthily  
To touch such holy limbs and bear.

Thou blessed Tree ! whose arms were made  
The ransom of this world to hold ;  
Thou balance which that Body weighed,  
From hell thus taking spoils untold.

## VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT

O Cross, our only hope, all hail !  
Now, ere the Passiontide is o'er,  
Let grace to purge out sin avail,  
And pious hearts fill, more and more.

May every spirit homage pay,  
Salvation's Triune Fount, to Thee :  
On them bestow Thy bliss alway,  
That owe the Cross their victory.



# PANGE, LINGUA (OF THE PASSION)

*Venantius Fortunatus*

AT MATINS AND LAUDS ON PASSION SUNDAY

SING, my tongue, that glorious combat,  
When, victorious in the fray,  
Christ, our Lord, a trophy made Him  
Of the Cross whereon He lay ;  
Tell how then the world's Redeemer,  
Immolated, won the day.

Our Creator, grieved that Adam  
Sin upon us all had brought,  
When he ate the fruit forbidden  
Which to man with death was fraught,  
Marked a tree, for the retrieval  
Of the harm a tree had wrought.

For, the work of our salvation,  
Ordered well, demanded this—  
To defeat the crafty traitor,  
Artifice by artifice,  
Thence the remedy procuring  
Where the foe had worked amiss.

Therefore, to its blessed fullness  
When the time had duly grown,  
Came to earth the world's own Maker,  
Sent us from His Father's throne :  
Virgin-born He came among us,  
Flesh of flesh and bone of bone.

## PANGE, LINGUA

Lying in a narrow manger,  
Hark ! His infant cries entreat ;  
Limb by limb the Virgin-Mother  
Swathes her new-born Baby sweet,  
With her white bands closely swaddling  
Little hands and little feet.

But when thirty years were over,  
Time had made that frame mature ;  
Now, His long-predestined Passion  
Christ will willingly endure :  
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted—  
Lo ! the Victim they secure.

Of the gall He drinks, out-wearied ;  
Thorns, and nails, and spear have vied,  
Till the Blood and water issue  
From His gentle riven side :  
Earth, sea, stars, yea, all creation  
Lave them in that cleansing tide.

Faithful Cross ! of all the forest  
Thou art far the noblest tree.  
None of all its growth produces  
Leaf, or flower, or fruit, like thee :  
Sweet thy wood is, sweet thy nails are,  
And their Burden, sweet is He.

Bend thy branches, tree so lofty ;  
Let thy stubborn heart relent ;  
Henceforth softer be and pliant,  
Conquering thy nature's bent ;  
That the King may stretch His members  
On thy tender trunk's extent.

## PANGE, LINGUA

Thou, to bear the world's one Victim,  
Wert the only worthy bed ;  
When we, shipwrecked, had no haven,  
Like the Ark wert thou instead,  
With the Sacred Blood anointed  
By the Lamb's white Body shed.

Sempiternal praise be given  
Unto God, the One in Three ;  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit  
Equal glory rendered be ;  
Yea, the Triune Name be hallowed  
Everywhere, eternally.

# STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

*Jacopone da Todi*

## AT MASS OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS

**B**Y the Cross, with grief o'erladen,  
Weeping, stood the Mother-Maiden,  
Where her Son hung high in air :  
Yea ! her very soul was riven  
By the sword of sorrow, driven  
Through the wounds already there.

Oh ! beneath what sore affliction  
Bent that child of benediction,  
Mother of God's only Son :  
Tender Mother ! how she sorrowed,  
As her gaze each moment borrowed  
Anguish from her peerless One.

Who is there his grief could smother,  
If he saw Christ's holy Mother  
Under such a weight of woe ?  
Nay, his state were past believing  
Who, unmoved, could see her grieving  
That her Son was suffering so.

For the sins of men, His nation,  
Jesus, by His flagellation  
Agonized, she saw aghast :  
Saw her sweet Son God-forsaken,  
Though, ere life's last breath was taken,  
His abandonment had passed.

## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

Mother, fount of love so tender,  
Let thy woe so vast engender  
Woe in me, with thine to grieve :  
Make me, loving Christ, so love Him  
That now, setting naught above Him,  
To His will my will may cleave.

Mother mine ! this favour do me :  
Drive His dear wounds through and through me ;  
My heart, too, be crucified :  
Since He deigns that all the merit  
Of His wounds I should inherit,  
All His pain with me divide.

Make me thy co-mourner truly,  
For His crucifixion duly  
Sorrowing till my life is o'er :  
'Neath the Cross, let my position  
Be by thee, and my contrition  
Join thy sorrow evermore.

Virgin of all virgins, Mary,  
Be not wroth with me, nor chary  
Of the grief that mine should be :  
Let me, mindful of His Passion,  
Die in Christ, and, in some fashion,  
Bear the wounds He bore for me.

Let those wounds, reincarnated,  
Live in me, inebriated  
With His Cross, His Blood, for ay :  
Lest in penal flames I perish,  
Hold me, Mother mine, and cherish,  
'Gainst the dreadful Judgement-day.

## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

Christ, my Lord, in life's last hour,  
Grant me, through Thy Mother's power,  
Even victory's palm to win :  
When my soul and body sever,  
Grant me Paradise for ever,  
To Thy glory entering in.

## VICTIMAE PASCHALI

*Ascribed to Wipo, a priest : Eleventh Century*

AT MASS ON EASTER DAY

CHRISTIANS, your sacrifice of praise  
To the Paschal Victim raise.

The Lamb has all the sheep redeemed :  
Sinners Christ, the undefiled,  
Has to His Father reconciled.  
Life with Death, and Death with Life,  
Strove, and their vast duel seemed  
Strange and unexpected strife :  
Life's Captain, who on that day died,  
Lives and reigns now, glorified.

Tell us, Mary, tell us, pray  
What saw you upon your way ?

I saw the tomb where Christ had lain,  
And saw Him, living once again,  
In His risen glory dight ;  
And the Angel witnesses ;  
Yea, and e'en the napkin white  
And His grave-clothes met my sight.  
Christ, my hope, arisen is ;  
And before you He will go  
Into Galilee.

## VICTIMAE PASCHALI

We know,  
As the truth itself has said,  
That Christ has risen from the dead.

O Thou, who wonnest victory thus,  
Our King, Thy mercy show to us.



# AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES

*Seventh Century*

AT VESPERS OF LOW SUNDAY

AS at the Lamb's high feast we sit,  
And, clad in white, partake of it,  
Since we have passed the dark Red Sea,  
Our hymns for Christ, our leader, be.

To us, in His great love divine,  
He doth His Sacred Blood assign :  
His gentle Body, love, a priest,  
Doth immolate for this our feast.

Awed, by the door-posts marked with blood,  
The devastating Angel stood ;  
The sea is parted ; then it flows  
Together, drowning Israël's foes.

The Christ is now our Pasch indeed :  
Our Victim He, for us to plead ;  
And He, since pure with pure is fed,  
Sincerity's unleavened Bread.

O Thou true Victim in the skies,  
Before Thee hell subjected lies,  
By Thee are loosened death's cold chains,  
Through Thee the soul life's guerdon gains.

Thou, Christ victorious o'er the grave,  
Unfurl'st Thy banner, there to wave,  
And, opening Heaven, dost in Thy might  
The Prince of darkness put to flight.

## AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES

O Jesus, that Thou mayest thus  
Be endless Paschal joy to us,  
Keep us, who now new life begin,  
Free from the woeful death of sin.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to the Son, who rose death-free,  
And to the Spirit day by day,  
While ageless ages pass away.

# REX SEMPITERNE COELITUM

*Sixth Century*

AT MATINS OF LOW SUNDAY

TO thee, O Heaven's eternal King  
And Maker of the worlds, we sing,  
Who, with the Father ever one,  
Wert ever His co-equal Son.

Creator who, when earth began,  
To Thine own image madest man,  
Thou didst, in Adam, wed to clay  
A spirit noble every way.

And when, with envy many-wiled,  
The devil had our race defiled,  
Made Man, man's likeness unto Thee  
Thou didst restore with mastery.

Now born again from out the tomb,  
As once from Mary's virgin womb,  
Thou biddest us ourselves bestir  
And quit with Thee the sepulchre.

Eternal Shepherd ! Thou dost lave  
Thy flock in Thy baptismal wave :  
That is the laver whence arise  
Pure thoughts, and where sin buried lies.

Redeemer, on the Cross upraised  
Long owing to ourselves, be praised  
That there Thy Blood salvation's price  
Paid lavishly in sacrifice.

## REX SEMPITERNE COELITUM

O Jesus, that Thou mayest thus  
Be endless Paschal joy to us,  
Keep us, who now new life begin,  
Free from the woeful death of sin.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to the Son, who rose death-free,  
And to the Spirit day by day,  
While ageless ages pass away.

# AURORA COELUM PURPURAT

*Fourth or Fifth Century*

AT LAUDS OF LOW SUNDAY

THE dawn is purpling in the sky ;  
The welkin rings with praises high ;  
The earth triumphant shouts and sings ;  
Hell shudders with vain mutterings.

The King, our mighty King, the while  
Leads upward from death's dark defile  
The Patriarchs, now a senate free,  
To life's true light and liberty.

A stone His tomb's one exit barred,  
And stood thereby a numerous guard,  
Yet He, victorious, doth inter  
Death in His own late sepulchre.

Enough to death has yielded been ;  
Too long through tears has life been seen ;  
A white and radiant Angel cries :  
Death's Death from out the tomb doth rise.

\* O Jesus, that Thou mayest thus  
Be endless Paschal joy to us,  
Keep us, who now new life begin,  
Free from the woeful death of sin.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to the Son, who rose death-free,  
And to the Spirit day by day,  
While ageless ages pass away.

\* Without these two stanzas, this and the two items which follow are all one hymn.

# TRISTES ERANT APOSTOLI

AT VESPERS OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS IN  
PASCHAL TIME

SAD, sad were the Apostles all,  
After Christ's bitter funeral,  
Whom, by a death of cruel pain,  
Slaves had most impiously slain.

The truthful Angel spoke the word  
Prophetic, and the women heard ;  
And Christ's own lips were soon to feed  
His faithful flock with joy indeed.

While they with haste the message bear  
To the Apostles bowed with care,  
Upon their way the women meet  
The Christ, and clasp His radiant feet.

Then seek Him the Apostles, till  
They reach the Galilean hill  
Where Jesus, in a tender light,  
Beatifies their longing sight.

O Jesus ! that Thou mayest thus  
Be endless Paschal joy to us,  
Keep us, who now new life begin,  
Free from the woeful death of sin.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to the Son, who rose death-free,  
And to the Spirit day by day,  
While ageless ages pass away.

# PASCHALE MUNDO GAUDIUM

AT LAUDS OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS DURING  
PASCHAL TIME

THE Paschal joy the sun, now grown  
More beauteous, to the world makes known,  
When the Apostles Jesus see,  
Clad in new light resplendently.

They wonder at the wounds that shine  
Like stars in His dear flesh divine ;  
And what they see, to praise His name,  
They, faithful witnesses, proclaim.

Christ, our most clement King, do Thou  
Possess our hearts entirely now,  
That to Thy name our tongues alway  
Our debt of gratitude may pay.

O Jesus ! that Thou mayest thus  
Be endless Paschal joy to us,  
Keep us, who now new life begin,  
Free from the woeful death of sin.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to the Son, who rose death-free,  
And to the Spirit day by day,  
While ageless ages pass away.

# SALUTIS HUMANAÆ SATOR

*Seventh or Eighth Century*

AT VESPERS OF THE ASCENSION

**R**EDEEMER of our fallen state,  
Thou, Jesus, joy of every heart,  
Who didst Thy ransomed world create,  
The light of Thy pure lovers art.

What clemency Thy heart o'ercame,  
That Thou wouldst bear our load of sin,  
And, sinless, die a death of shame,  
From death and hell our souls to win ?

Thou dost the gates of hell withstand,  
Its captives from their fetters free,  
As victor sit at God's right hand,  
And reign with Him triumphantly.

Urged by Thy mercy, let Thy grace  
Our losses and our ills repair ;  
And may the vision of Thy face  
With us its blessèd radiance share.

Our guide to Heaven, our heavenly way,  
Be too our love's one goal, O Lord,  
Be, in our tears, our joy and stay,  
And be our life's one sweet reward.



# AETERNE REX ALTISSIME

*Fifth Century*

AT MATINS OF THE ASCENSION

O KING eternal, sovereign King,  
Who art the world's Redeemer too,  
Thou, death o'ercoming, thence didst wring  
The triumph to Thy glory due.

Thou mountest now the starry way,  
Drawn thither by all Heaven's demand,  
For Heaven, not man, invokes to-day,  
To rule its worlds, Thy human hand.

That so this triune system all,  
Creatures in Heaven, on earth, in hell,  
In homage may before Thee fall  
And own Thee Lord, where'er they dwell.

The Angels tremble as they see  
Our mortal lot reversed again :  
Flesh sinned ; now flesh from sin doth free ;  
As God the flesh of God doth reign.

Be Thou our joy here, till we find  
In Heaven that Thou art our reward,  
Above earth's joys of every kind,  
Who art the earth's one only Lord.

To Thee we, therefore, humbly cry,  
That Thou wouldst all our sins forgive,  
Raising our hearts to Thee on high,  
That on Thy heavenly graces live.

## AETERNE REX ALTISSIME

That when as Judge, the clouds being rent,  
Thou com'st, a sudden dawn, once more,  
Thou mayest remit our punishment,  
And even our lost crowns restore.

Be glory, Jesus, unto Thee,  
Thou victor on Thy Heavenward way ;  
To Father and to Spirit be  
Glory, for ever and for ay.

# VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

*Probably by Rabanus Maurus : 776-856*

## AT VESPERS OF WHIT SUNDAY

COME, O Creator-Spirit ! deign  
Our minds to visit, that are Thine ;  
Fill with Thy heavenly grace again  
Our hearts, that are Thy work divine.

God's gift Thou art, all gifts above,  
Thou whom we call the Paraclete ;  
His living fount, His fire, His love,  
His spiritual unction sweet.

Finger of God's right hand art Thou :  
Thou dost a sevenfold gift impart ;  
The Father's promise, duly now  
Enriching our poor tongues, Thou art.

Illumine, Thou, these minds of ours ;  
On all our hearts Thy love outpour :  
Oh ! help with Thine immortal powers  
Our mortal weakness evermore.

Our enemy drive far away ;  
On us forthwith Thy peace bestow :  
If Thou but lead us day by day,  
No evil shall our footsteps know.

## VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

The Father unto us make known,  
Make known His only Son, no less,  
And let us ever Thee alone  
The Spirit of Them Both confess.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to the Son, who from the dead  
Arose ; likewise eternally,  
The Paraclete be hallowèd.

## VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

*Probably by Pope Innocent III: 1161-1216*

IN THE MASS OF WHIT SUNDAY

COME, O Holy Ghost ! and shine  
From Thy Heaven of light divine,  
And one ray to us impart :  
Come, Thou Father of the poor,  
Come, Gift-Giver ever sure,  
Come, Thou Light of every heart.

Sweetest Comforter and best,  
Thou, the soul's delightful Guest,  
Sweet refreshment and repose ·  
In our labour Thou art ease,  
In the heat our tempering breeze,  
And our solace in our woes.

O Thou Light, most blessed Light !  
Fill the hearts Thy faithful plight  
Unto Thee, and pierce them through :  
Nothing, since his life began,  
Nothing pure is found in man,  
Till Thy power his life renew.

Wash away our every stain,  
Pour upon our drought Thy rain,  
Heal our wounded souls, we pray :  
Bend to Thine the stubborn will,  
Warm the bosom frozen still,  
Guide the footsteps gone astray.

## VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

Give Thy sevenfold gift to all  
Who are faithful to Thy call,  
    Who put all their trust in Thee :  
Give them virtue's one reward,  
Give them Thy salvation, Lord,  
    Give them bliss eternally.

# PANGE, LINGUA (OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT)

*St Thomas Aquinas : 1227-1274*

AT VESPERS OF CORPUS CHRISTI

SING, my tongue, that mystic story :  
Of Christ's glorious Body tell,  
Nobly mothered ; sing the glory  
Of its Precious Blood as well,  
Which, when it in sin was hoary,  
Saved His world-wide Israël.

Child of a sweet Maiden-Mother,  
He was given us for our own,  
Dwelling with us like a brother,  
Till His seed, His Word, was sown ;  
Then a wonder like none other  
He, to seal His days, made known.

Lo ! at His Last Supper lying  
With His little chosen band,  
And, with legal meats, complying  
Fully with the Law's command,  
Christ, as food to them, ere dying,  
Gives Himself with His own hand.

Word made Flesh, mere bread He maketh  
By His word His Flesh to be ;  
Wine His Blood ; and none mistaketh,  
Though no sense the change can see ;  
Faith the heart sincere awaketh  
Into its own certainty.

## PANGE, LINGUA

\* Let us, bent in adoration,  
This great Sacrament revere ;  
Let the Law's red immolation  
In this new rite disappear :  
Faith will be our confirmation,  
When our senses fail us here.

Praise and blessing, in full chorus,  
To the Father and the Son,  
And to Him who, in and o'er us,  
Doth proceed from Both as one :  
Equally, in joy sonorous,  
To the Three be homage done.

\* The "Tantum Ergo."



# SACRIS SOLEMNIIS

*St Thomas Aquinas*

AT MATINS OF CORPUS CHRISTI

LET solemn rites our joy confess,  
And praise our inmost hearts express;  
Let old things pass, and new things be—  
Thoughts, words, yea, all activity.

We that Last Supper now recall,  
At which Christ gave His brethren all,  
As had the Law their fathers fed,  
The lamb and the unleavened bread.

But when the typic feast was o'er,  
Christ gave to them, as food once more,  
Himself, and gave with generous hand  
To each one as to all the band.

He gave the weak His Flesh for food;  
The sad He with His Blood imbued:  
Take ye this Cup, said God the Son,  
Take ye and drink it, every one.

Thus He this Sacrifice ordained,  
Whose ministration He restrained  
To priests alone, who, as is meet,  
Eat, then to others give to eat.

## SACRIS SOLEMNIIS

The Angels' Bread man's Bread is made ;  
Heaven's Bread makes types and figures fade :  
Men, bond and poor and lowly, can,  
Oh, marvel ! eat of God made Man.

O Triune God ! deal Thou, we pray,  
With us as we our worship pay ;  
And lead us by Thy paths aright  
To where we tend, Thy home of light.

# LAUDA, SION

*St Thomas Aquinas*

AT MASS OF CORPUS CHRISTI

SION, praise thy Lord and Saviour ;  
Praise thy Shepherd's dear behaviour ;  
Hymn and canticle upraise :  
Great is He beyond comparing,  
Nor thy songs, however daring,  
Ever could tell all His praise.

But the Living Bread, who giveth  
Life to every man who liveth,  
Is our special theme to-day :  
That the Twelve at His own table  
Did receive Him, we are able,  
With no faintest doubt, to say.

Let our lauds be full, sonorous,  
Thoughtful, joyful, and decorous ;  
Let us praise Him, one and all :  
For this solemn day and festive  
Doth, in all its rite suggestive,  
That first loving feast recall.

At this board the new King, newly  
Made the New Law's Pasch, hath duly  
Ended the old Paschal rite :  
Now antiquity is youthful ;  
Now grow truth's old shadows truthful ;  
Nor doth day drive out the night.

## LAUDA, SION

What Christ did in that last session  
Was Love's ultimate expression,  
    Lest His memory time should dim :  
Lo, the Victim of salvation !  
Christ-taught words of consecration  
    Bread and wine change into Him.

Faith no Christian mind estranges,  
Telling us of those two changes,  
    Bread to Flesh, and wine to Blood :  
Though we grasp not this nor see it,  
Strong in faith, we say, " So be it !"  
    Nature's laws are here withstood.

'Neath twin species, thither bidden,  
Things beyond all price lie hidden,  
    Though mere signs, not things we see :  
Flesh like bread is, Blood like wine is,  
But the Christ beneath each sign is  
    Present undividedly.

They who in Communion take Him  
Nor divide our Lord nor break Him ;  
    He is in each Host resumed :  
One or thousands may receive Him,  
Each hath all, and yet all leave Him  
    As He was, still unconsumed.

Good and bad alike are sharers  
In this Food ; but earth's wayfarers  
    Eat with differing effect :  
Life it is, but, on the minute,  
Life for them or death is in it,  
    As the several souls elect.

## LAUDA, SION

When the species are divided,  
Doubt not, but with faith decided  
Know that in each part hath bided

All that was in all before :

Only veils are rent asunder ;  
The Reality thereunder,  
State and stature, is, oh, wonder !  
Undiminished evermore.

Lo ! the Angels' Bread is eaten  
Here by pilgrims ; now unwheaten  
Bread, that children's lives doth sweeten ;  
Bread to be to dogs denied :

Isaac, sacrifice bespoken,  
And the Paschal Lamb unbroken,  
And the Manna—each a token  
Of this Living Bread supplied.

O Good Shepherd ! guard and lead us ;  
O True Bread ! vouchsafe to feed us ;  
Jesus, in Thy pity, heed us ;  
Show us the good things decreed us,

Where the truly living be :

Thou who canst all things and knowest,  
Who this Food on man bestowest,  
Make us, though the last and lowest  
Where among Thy Saints Thou goest,  
Co-heirs, friends, and guests with Thee.

# VERBUM SUPERNUM

*St Thomas Aquinas*

## AT LAUDS OF CORPUS CHRISTI

THE Word of God, to earth who came,  
Though with His Father still on high,  
Pursued His loving work's one aim,  
When life's last evening star was nigh.

By one of them to be betrayed  
To rivals with His love at feud,  
Of His disciples He is made,  
At His own hands, the Living Food.

'Neath species twain, in very deed,  
To them His Flesh and Blood He gives ;  
In these twin substances to feed  
The life of every man that lives.

Birth made Him our companion dear ;  
At His own board our food was He ;  
He was in death our ransom here ;  
In Heaven He will our guerdon be.

\* O Saving Victim ! opening wide  
The gate of Heaven, our enemy  
Wars on us and from every side :  
Give strength ; be our auxiliary.

Unto our One and Triune Lord  
Be sempiternal glory ; and,  
From Him, may life be our reward  
For ever, in our fatherland.

\* The "O Salutaris."

## \*ADORO TE

*St Thomas Aquinas*

O HIDDEN God ! devoutly I adore Thee,  
Who 'neath these emblems truly dost abide  
My subject heart lays all its love before Thee,  
Whom all its thought has never yet descried.

Sight, touch, and taste are as to Thee mistaken ;  
Our hearing only safely is believed :  
What God's Son taught I hold in faith unshaken ;  
No truer word than Truth's can be conceived.

Only Thy Godhead on the Cross was hidden ;  
But here lies hid Thy Human Nature too :  
Both I in faith confess, as I am bidden,  
What the Good Thief asked, begging Thee to do.

Not I, like Thomas, do Thy wounds discover,  
Yet Thee my God I openly proclaim :  
Give me more faith, more hope, and, O my Lover !  
More love, more love, to magnify Thy name.

Dear, dear memento of my Saviour's dying !  
Thou Living Bread who life to man dost give,  
Let all my thoughts to Thee go ever flying,  
On Thy sweet savour ever let them live.

## ADORO TE

O tender Pelican, Christ, Lord and Saviour !  
Cleanse me, unclean, in Thy own Blood, I pray;  
Since Thou the whole world's wickedest behaviour,  
With but one saving drop, canst wash away.

Jesus, whom now I only see enshrouded,  
Grant to my prayers what I so long to see :  
Let me at last behold Thy face unclouded,  
And, in its glory, ever blessèd be.



\*AD QUEM DIU SUSPIRAVI

*Prince Alexander Hohenlohe : 1791-1849*

**H**E, whom I have long awaited  
Longingly, is mine at last ;  
Jesus, the desiderated,  
I embrace and hold full fast :  
All my soul's immortal powers,  
Triumph and exultant sing,  
All, with all this joy of ours,  
His dear presence welcoming.

Sad was I ; in my dejection  
Joyless all my life did seem,  
Lacking Him whom love's election  
O'er my heart had made supreme :  
But He came ; and when He entered  
'Neath my soul's unworthy roof,  
Oh ! what solace, heart-encentred,  
Gave me of His love the proof.

Never welcome sun enlightens  
All the earth where night held sway ,  
Never rain revives and brightens  
Summer grass that withering lay,  
As the Lord the soul doth cherish,  
Sad and slothful where it lies,  
Lest in languishment it perish,  
Giving it new strength to rise.

Happy hour of happy morning,  
When Thou comest unto me ;  
Fair, beyond all earth's adorning,  
Jesus, is its light with Thee :

## AD QUEM DIU SUSPIRAVI

He who has Thee, he has riches,  
For in Thee he doth possess  
Even that rich fountain, which is  
Flowing with true happiness.

Who would not with admiration  
Prize Thy goodness, Lord Divine,  
When, in thoughtful contemplation,  
He recalls this work of Thine?  
Lo! we rush to meet each other,  
By the bounty of Thy grace,  
And are merged in one another,  
In our mutual embrace.

I was not, and Thou didst make me,  
Drawing me from night and naught,  
And didst most divinely take me  
E'en to share Thy light of thought.  
Thou wouldst, in a stable lowly,  
Even for my sake be born,  
And lay down Thy life all-holy  
On the shameful Tree of Scorn.

Adding to the graces many  
That enrich me day by day,  
Comes this sweeter feast than any,  
Sweet as honey in its way:  
O my heart's delight and treasure,  
Most beloved Jesus mine,  
Son of God, at Thy good pleasure  
O'er me reign and make me Thine.

## AD QUEM DIU SUSPIRAVI

Kill my self-love so completely  
That my love may Thee adore,  
Thee alone, who art so sweetly  
Worthy of it, evermore.  
Take away whatever in me  
Gravely Thy pure eyes offends,  
That more surely Thou mayest win me  
In Thy world that never ends.

Come, dear Lord, when morn uprises,  
And all day with me abide ;  
Come, and 'neath Thy love's disguises,  
Stay with me at eventide ;  
Naught my heart from Thine shall sever ;  
Life and death would strive in vain ;  
Let our union be for ever ;  
Infinite let love remain.

Till my latest breath be taken,  
I my gratitude will sing,  
And in Heaven when I awaken  
Shall its thousand songs upspring ;  
When the veils away have drifted,  
And at last Thy face I see,  
With Thy Angels, love-uplifted,  
Thee I'll love eternally.

# COR, ARCA LEGEM CONTINENS

*Eighteenth Century*

## AT LAUDS OF THE SACRED HEART

O HEART! thou ark where lies the law,  
Not of the servitude of old,  
But that from which we pardon draw,  
And grace, and mercies manifold.

Heart, the inviolable shrine  
Where that new covenant has lain :  
Temple than Salem's more divine ;  
Veil, better than its veil in twain.

With such a wound as must appear  
Love willed that Thou shouldst wounded be,  
That we might all the wounds revere,  
Which Love doth bear invisibly.

'Neath this, love's symbol, suffering twice,  
Things mystical and bloody both  
Christ, as a priest, in sacrifice  
To Heaven uplifted, nothing loth.

Who would not love for love repay ?  
What man, redeemed, could love refuse  
To this Heart, or herein, for ay,  
His tabernacle fail to chose ?

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Be praise and empire o'er and o'er,  
And glory, 'mid the heavenly host,  
For ever, yea, for evermore.

# UT QUEANT LAXIS

*Paul the Deacon : 720-799*

ON THE NATIVITY OF ST JOHN THE BAPTIST

SO that thy servants may with voice unfettered  
Make the wide air thy wondrous deeds re-echo,  
Purify, thou, our lips that are polluted,  
John, the Precursor.

Cometh a herald from the heights of Heaven,  
Telling thy sire thy greatness from the cradle,  
Aye, and thy name and all thy future story,  
As it unfolded.

Doubting the truth of the supernal promise,  
Lo ! for a time his power of speech is forfeit ;  
But at thy birth thou dost restore the organ  
Stricken with silence.

Thou, in the darkness of the womb reclining,  
Knewest the King abiding in His chamber,  
Wherefore each mother, through her offspring's merits,  
Makes revelations.

Fleeing in childhood from the crowded city,  
Soughtest thou out a cave in desert regions,  
Lest with thy tongue thy life thou mightest tarnish  
Ever so slightly.

'Twas from the camel that thy hallowed members  
Roughly were clad ; the sheep supplied thy cincture ;  
Locusts and honey and the flowing fountain  
Sustenance gave thee.

## UT QUEANT LAXIS

Prophets of eld all sang, with hearts expectant,  
Only the glorious coming of the Daystar ;  
Thou pointest out Him who the world so sinful  
Soon shall deliver.

Never, throughout the whole world's vasty spaces,  
Came to the birth a holier than John was,  
Fit to baptize the One the world who cleanseth  
From its pollution.

O more than blessed, man of highest merit,  
Nothing thy snow-white purity distaining,  
Martyr most potent, nature-loving hermit,  
Greatest of prophets.

Thirtyfold increase some may crown with glory ;  
Sixtyfold others gather for their garlands ;  
Thou in thy fruits a hundredfold thrice over  
Hast to adorn thee.

Powerful now by all thy wealth of merit,  
Take from our hearts the stoniness that mars them ;  
Smooth all the rough ways, straighten out the crooked,  
Stretching before us.

Then may the world's Creator and Redeemer  
Lovingly deign to set His happy footsteps  
E'en in our hearts, and find them, rendered sinless,  
Fit for His coming.

Now with their praises let the hosts of Heaven  
Worship Thee, One God who art Three in Persons ;  
Suppliant also, we implore Thy pardon :  
Spare the redeemed.

## UT QUEANT LAXIS

The following Doxology comes after the fourth stanza, and after the eighth, dividing the Hymn for the different parts of the Office.

Be to the Father, to His Sole-Begotten,  
And, Holy Spirit, unto Thee, co-equal  
God, One and Triune, honour, praise, and glory  
Now and for ever.

## DECORA LUX AETERNITATIS

*Ascribed to Elpis, Wife of Boëthius (died about 403).*

### ON THE FEAST OF SS PETER AND PAUL

**E**TERNITY its beauteous light has shed,  
With golden fires to crown the blessed day,  
When, princely pair, the chief Apostles bled,  
And has to sinners oped their upward way.

One, the world's teacher ; God's door-keeper one ;  
Rome's parents, both ; both, judges o'er all lands ;  
Death came through sword or cross ; but, death undone,  
Each, now enlaurelled, 'mid life's senate stands.

Peter, blest Shepherd ! hearken to our cry ;  
Rend with a word our sinful bonds in twain,  
Thou who to earth, with power from on high,  
Canst open Heaven, and shut its gates again.

Teach us to live, sublime preceptor, Paul !  
Draw thou to Heaven our hearts along with thine ;  
Till, in that noon, our faith its veil lets fall,  
And, sun-like, rules us only love divine.

\*O happy Rome ! who, by the glorious blood  
Of thy two Princes consecrated art,  
Thy beauty, glowing from that purple flood,  
Finds, in earth's fairest things, no counterpart.

Honour and glory, power and jubilee,  
Be to our God, 'fore whom all creatures bend ;  
Who, being One, is One in Persons Three,  
Aye, all the ages through, world without end.

\* This stanza was added by St Pius V.



# IRA JUSTA CONDITORIS

*Seventeenth Century*

AT MATINS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

THE Creator's righteous anger,  
In the waters of the Flood  
Whelmed the guilty world with vengeance,  
Which the Ark alone withstood ;  
But at last, with wondrous power,  
Love made clean that world with Blood.

Lo ! the happy earth, well watered  
With such salutary rain,  
Where it lavished thorns and briers,  
Buds forth tender flowers again :  
Into nectar's pleasant savour  
Changes wormwood's bitter bane.

Suddenly the deadly serpent  
Would away its poison hide,  
And the wild beast, so ferocious,  
Now his taste for blood denied :  
Such the work, in silent triumph,  
Of the Lamb who meekly died.

Oh, unfathomable wisdom,  
In its depth and height sublime !  
Oh, His Heart's benignant sweetness,  
To be told throughout all time !  
For the slave the King has suffered  
And his death-deserving crime.

## IRA JUSTA CONDITORIS

When, by sin on sin offending,  
We the Judge's wrath provoke,  
By this Blood may we be shielded,  
Speaking as of old it spoke,  
Till the hosts of evil, routed,  
Turn and flee, a feeble folk.

May the ransomed world adore Thee,  
In thanksgiving unremiss,  
Fountain-head of all salvation !  
Who, for ay renowned as this,  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
Reignest o'er the realms of bliss.

# SALVETE, CHRISTI VULNERA

*Seventeenth Century*

## AT LAUDS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

**H**AIL, wounds of Christ ! dear pledges, hail,  
Of His unbounded love ! whence flow  
The purple streams that never fail,  
His Precious Blood, on all below.

You brighter are than any star ;  
Your scent surpasses balm and rose ;  
You Indian gems outvalue far ;  
No honeycomb your sweetness knows.

Through you lie open to the soul  
A refuge and delightful rest,  
Where penetrates not the control  
Of foes that angrily molest.

What stripes unnumbered Jesus bears,  
When stripped He stands in Pilate's hall !  
Oh ! from the flesh the scourging tears,  
How many red drops quivering fall !

On His fair brow—Ah, woe is me !—  
A crown of thorns is, fixed and fierce ;  
His hands and feet most piteously  
Blunt-pointed brutal nails transpierce.

And when for us at last He died,  
Willing and loving, nobly true,  
A spear, that stabs His sacred side,  
Draws Blood therefrom and water too.

## SALVETE, CHRISTI VULNERA

That our redemption naught may need,  
Beneath the wine-press Jesus lies :  
There, self-forgotten, doth He bleed  
Till its last drop His Blood supplies.

Come hither, ye whom sin's broad path  
Infects with its most deadly stain :  
Who laves him in salvation's bath  
From soilure shall be clean again.

All praise to God's own Son, enthroned  
On His right hand, 'mid His bright host,  
Who with His Blood for us atoned,  
And helps us through the Holy Ghost.

# SUMMI PARENTIS UNICE

*St Odo of Cluny : 879-942*

AT LAUDS OF ST MARY MAGDALEN

**D**EIGN, only Son of God Most High,  
On us to cast a pitying eye,  
Who of Thy glory makest part  
The Magdalen's repentant heart.

Thy royal treasury is repaid  
The lost groat, lost or but mislaid :  
The gem, from mire made clean, is far  
Brighter than orbs the brightest are.

Jesus, who all our wounds dost cure,  
Sole hope of penitents and sure,  
With Magdalen's warm tears, we pray,  
Wash all our many sins away.

God's Mother, Mother most benign,  
Thy ear to Eve's sad sons incline,  
Until we make, through life's rough sea,  
The haven where our souls would be.

To God alone all praise be told  
For graces great and manifold,  
Who sinners, as their only Lord,  
Forgives, and gives them Heaven's reward.

# O QUOT UNDIS LACRIMARUM

*Ascribed to the Servite, Callisto Palumbella*

AT MATINS OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS \*

OH ! on what a sea of sorrow  
Was the Virgin-Mother cast,  
When her eyes with tears o'erflowing  
Gazed upon her Son aghast,  
From the blood-stained gibbet taken,  
Dying in her arms at last.

In her bitter desolation,  
His sweet mouth, His bosom too,  
Then His riven side beloved,  
Then each hand, both wounded through,  
Then His feet with Blood encrimsoned,  
Her maternal tears bedew.

She, a hundred times and over,  
Strains Him closely to her breast.  
Heart to Heart, arms arms enfolding,  
Are His wounds on her impressed :  
Thus, in sorrow's very kisses,  
Melts her anguished soul to rest.

Oh, dear Mother ! we beseech thee,  
By the tears thine eyes have shed,  
By that cruel death of Jesus  
And His wounds' right royal red,  
Make our hearts o'erflow with sorrow  
From thy heart's deep fountain-head.

\* The September Feast.

## O QUOT UNDIS LACRIMARUM

To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Now we bend an equal knee :  
Glory, sempiternal glory,  
To the Most High Trinity ;  
Yea ! perpetual praise and honour  
Now and through all ages be.

## DIES IRAE

*Thomas of Celano : Thirteenth Century*

IN MASSES FOR THE DEAD

**O** DAY of wrath ! that vengeful day  
In ashes low the world shall lay :  
So David and the Sibyl say.

How men will quake while they await  
The Judge ! who rigorously will rate  
All things, the small things with the great.

A trumpet of astounding tone,  
Throughout earth's vasty graveyard blown,  
Shall drive all men before the Throne.

Death will, with nature, stand aghast,  
When creatures, by the grave outcast,  
Must answer to their Judge at last.

The scroll whereon all things are writ  
Shall be brought forth, and, judged by it,  
The world must all its debts acquit.

Soon as the Judge His seat has ta'en,  
Things hidden shall appear again ;  
Then naught unpunished shall remain.

Wretch that I am, what shall I plead,  
What patron beg to intercede,  
Where hardly Saints feel safe indeed ?



## DIES IRAE

Dread Majesty ! Tremendous King !  
Who freely souls to Heaven dost bring,  
Save, Pity's Fount ! me, piteous thing.

Remember, Jesus, kind and dear,  
That 'twas for me Thou camest here,  
Nor lose me in that day of fear.

Thou sattest, way-worn seeking me :  
Thou wert my ransom on the Tree :  
Let not such travail fruitless be.

Just Judge, Avenger of the right,  
Forgive me, ere my sinful plight  
That reckoning-day shall bring to light.

A sinner, o'er myself I sigh ;  
Guilt stains my cheek with crimsoning dye :  
Thy suppliant spare, O God Most High !

Thou who didst Mary in her grief  
Absolve, and hearken to the Thief,  
Hast given me also hope's relief.

Unworthy are my prayers, I know ;  
Yet, in Thy goodness, mercy show  
Me, lest I burn in endless woe.

Let me at last, by Thy command  
Far from the goats sequestered, stand  
Among the sheep on Thy right hand.

And when, confounded by Thine ire,  
The lost are doomed to quenchless fire,  
Call me to join Thy blissful choir.

## DIES IRAE

I beg, as suppliantly I bend,  
With contrite heart like ashes : Send  
Thy help to bless my latter end.

That day shall be a day of tears,  
When from his dust man reappears,  
For judgement on the ways he trod :  
So, spare him, spare, O God, our God !

Jesus, Lord, in pity, then,  
Grant to them Thy rest. Amen.

# COELESTIS URBS, JERUSALEM

*Sixth or Seventh Century*

ON THE FEAST OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

JERUSALEM, O City Blest !  
Vision of peace and heavenly rest :  
Whose walls of living stónes are built ;  
About whose towers the stars are spilt ;  
Around whom, as around a bride,  
A thousand thousand Angels glide.

Thou, wedded in a happy hour,  
The Father's glory hadst for dower ;  
The Spirit's grace was largely shed,  
O Queen, on thy most comely head :  
But knit with Christ thy nuptial ties,  
O City, splendid in the skies.

Each gate a pearl, thy gates are wide,  
And entrance is to none denied :  
There only virtue leads the way,  
But come there every mortal may  
Who, wounded with the love of Christ,  
To pain with Him has sacrificed.

With many a salutary stroke  
The living stone to shape is broke :  
The mallet and the chisel ply  
Their trade, to raise that mass on high,  
Till answering stones, conjoint with bliss,  
Achieve the starry edifice.

## COELESTIS URBS, JERUSALEM

Once, from high Heaven's mountain-top,  
To earth a stone vouchsafed to drop :  
As cut and carved from out that hill,  
The Son of God descended, till  
He formed that corner which, anon,  
Earth's home and Heaven's were joined upon.

Abiding City of the Blest !  
It rings with hymns that know no rest :  
God, One in Three, God, Three in One,  
It sings in tireless antiphon ;  
While we, who look to share her state,  
Here Sion's anthems emulate.

This Temple, with thy rays benign,  
Lord, inundate, and make it Thine :  
Come hither, when to Thee we pray,  
And hear Thy people day by day,  
And in our longing hearts outpour  
Thy heavenly graces evermore.

Here let the faithful not in vain  
Petition, but Thy gifts obtain :  
Let us enjoy Thy grace so dear,  
Our blessed home forestalling here,  
Till, from this mortal body freed,  
Our Heaven at last is Heaven indeed.

All honour everywhere be done  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost, our sweet  
Incomparable Paraclete :  
To whom praise, power, and glory be  
Unceasing, through eternity.

\*O DEUS, EGO AMO TE

*St Francis Xavier : 1506-1552*

O GOD, I love Thee, and I love  
Not that I hope for Heaven above,  
Nor that 'tis their eternal lot  
To burn in Hell, who love Thee not.  
Thou, Thou my Jesus, on the Tree,  
Didst clasp and draw me close to Thee,  
Who hadst the nails and spear to bear  
And many an ignominy there.  
In Thee unnumbered dolours met—  
Thy agony, Thy bloody sweat,  
Thy death ; and these were all to win  
Me, me a sinner in my sin.  
Then, why not love thee, since I may,  
Most loving Jesus ? not, I say,  
That Thou wilt save me at the last,  
Or else away for ever cast ;  
No ! not in hope of Thy reward,  
But that Thou first hast loved me, Lord :  
There springs my love, there will it spring,  
For Thou alone art my true King,  
My God, and oh ! my—everything.

## SALVE, REGINA

*Ascribed to Hermannus Contractus : 1013-1054*

**H**AIL ! thou Queen, and mercy's Mother,  
Life, and sweetness like none other ;  
Hail ! our hope : on thee we call,  
Eva's banished children all.

From this vale of tears we send thee  
Sighs, and moans, and tears, to bend thee  
On us, Advocate divine,  
Turn those pitying eyes of thine.

Virgin Mary, sweet and pious,  
And too clement to deny us,  
Show us, when our exile's done,  
Jesus, thy own blessèd Son.











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Hymns from the Liturgy

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TITLE

